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GOT RIGHT WOMAN

She Wasn't Marrying His Money,
But the Only Man in the
World to Her.

By T. BLAIR EATON.

Peter Barlow squared his big shoulders and turned to the gray-haired man who was scribbling on bits of paper at the mahogany desk.

"Let's have all the horrible details," said Peter, with a grin intended to be entirely nonchalant, but which, if the whole truth be told, was a trifle forced. "Just how much, or rather how little, is there left, Mr. Grayson?"

Grayson frowned as he looked at the columns of figures on those bits of paper before him.

"There's practically nothing, Peter," he said, with a slow shake of his head. "This is bad business—much worse than I thought at first. I'm sorry—more sorry than I can tell you. If you'd only come to me six months ago—"

"That's one of my characteristics—to shut the door after the horse is gone," said Peter. "Nothing, you say? H'm! That's bad. I've managed to get a chance with Billy Kenmore at those mines of his in Sonora. It's a blamed long walk down there."

"There'll be, perhaps, five hundred dollars," said Grayson.

"Fine!" said Peter; then he scowled. Grayson interpreted correctly, the meaning of that scowl.

"Of course, it will take a little time to straighten this whole mess out," said he. "In the meantime, call on me for anything you want up to that five hundred."

"Thanks! Mighty good of you!" said Peter.

With a whimsical smile he turned his pockets inside out. A dollar bill and a little odd change tumbled to the corner of the desk.

"I'm going to take you at your word," said Peter. "I'll have to have my expenses down there, and there are a few little things I want to set straight before I leave. Suppose you let me have—say three hundred and fifty, if it will be all right."

Grayson nodded.

"Surely," he agreed. "Like it in cash?"

"Yes, that'll be best," said Peter.

The other touched a button beneath the desk. "Bring me in three hundred and fifty dollars, Babbitt," he ordered the clerk who answered the summons.

Ten minutes later Peter Barlow, the three hundred and fifty dollars tucked in various pockets, shook hands with the lawyer, laughingly cut short the other's expressions of commiseration, and went out. But in the hall Peter Barlow's face became very grave. It became graver as he walked towards the elevator. Then he pulled out a little engagement book, glanced at a certain page, and all but groaned aloud.

"To Edith's for answer Thursday at three," he read.

This was Thursday, and between the time of writing that entry four days ago and the present time, Peter Barlow's assets had shrunk from a supposed half million to something like five hundred dollars.

"To Edith's at three for answer," he repeated grimly. "I've got the answer right now, and I may as well take time by the forelock and go up there at once."

He pulled out his watch. It was quarter to twelve.

"Yep, I'll go at once," he decided, and went out to the street to hail a taxi.

"Say," he said, cheerfully to the chauffeur, "I can't in the least afford this, but habit is strong, and besides this is my last appearance; so take me to John's on the avenue, then over to McPhair's, then run me up to this address," he finished, handing the chauffeur a scribbled card.

It was nearing one when the taxi stopped at the uptown address. Peter alighted, paid the chauffeur, gathered up from the seat a huge box of candy and a large box of orchids, mounted the steps and rang the bell.

He waited in the subdued light of the hall until he heard the pattering of light footsteps on the polished stairs.

"Peter!" cried the girl, running up to him and catching his arm playfully. "It was three! Don't you remember?"

Peter seemed about to catch her in his arms, then suddenly his lips set and he stepped a pace away from her. He was still smiling, but it wasn't cheerful—that smile.

"You see," said he, "I have brought you the answer instead of waiting for it. It wouldn't do, dear—never in the world. It would be a frightful mistake. I've just realized it. I'm going away—to Mexico tomorrow, and—"

—say, here's some of those fuzzy chocolates and a box of orchids," he ended rather painfully.

The girl made no move to take either of the boxes he had caught up and was holding up to her. She was looking at him curiously.

"You see," he began, after an exceedingly awkward pause, "you see, I've just come to my senses. All those doubts of yours were right. It wouldn't do—we'd never be happy. I'll just hike out and leave the field to a better man and—"

"Peter!" The single word came so sharply that he stopped short.

"You've asked me to marry you. You were coming here this afternoon for your answer. It's late to hedge. I've decided I will marry you!"

"Dear suffering saints!" gasped Peter and dropped both the boxes with crash.

Twice he opened his mouth as if to speak, but the words would not come. When they did come, at last, they were hurried, garbled, like the words of a man in a panic.

"Oh, you can't," he said. "You can't. I tell you it won't do. I shouldn't have asked you. I made a mistake. I—"

She looked at him narrowly.

"Why?" said she very calmly. She seemed to be enjoying immensely his discomfiture.

"Well, I—I—" Peter began to stammer.

"Another girl?" she questioned softly.

Peter clutched at straws. "Yes, that's it, another girl," he declared shamelessly.

She began to laugh. Peter felt yet more uncomfortable.

"You'll have to forget her," said she. "We're going to be married—before you go to Mexico tomorrow."

"Say, look here, Edith," Peter said vehemently. "We can't. I tell you—"

She stepped close to him. She put both hands on his shoulders. She was looking up at him with shining eyes. Peter, at the sight of her thus, groaned aloud.

"You are telling me anything but the truth," said she. "I happen to know the whole truth. I know your money is all gone, save five hundred dollars or so. Mr. Grayson was dining here with us last night. He told father. And father said: 'That's the best thing that ever happened to the young scamp. Peter's got the stuff in him. It will be the making of him—that and the right woman.' And I am she, Peter, the right woman—I know it—I'd have known it if dad hadn't winked at me when he said what he did. I'm going down there to Mexico with you to help you manage Billy Kenmore's mine. Yes, I am; don't say a word. You just march those orchids straight back to John's, and take that candy back to McPhair's and tell them you don't want them. The idea! You couldn't afford them. And mind you, walk; no taxis. And after you've taken those things back, go get the license, and come straight back here. Dad will be here with Doctor Brook, and we'll be married here very quietly."

Peter looked at her very hungrily.

Then with a sudden straightening of his tall frame and a shutting of his teeth, he spoke.

"I won't! You shan't make this sacrifice," said he.

"Sacrifice!" said she. "Is it a sacrifice to marry the one man in the world you'll ever care about? I wasn't marrying your old half million you thought you had; I'm marrying you. And I think you are going to be a whole lot better. You without that money."

"No," said Peter Barlow, herolically, but rather unconvincingly.

She came very close to him once more. Her soft hair brushed his cheek. She looked up at him with eyes that burned like two stars. The nearness of her, the dainty sweetness of her made him gasp.

"No?" she asked with a quiet smile of triumph. "No?"

He caught her in his arms. He held her tight.

"Yes—oh, the fool that I am!—yes," said he. "You win; you knew you would. What show have I got to put any fine notions in effect when you're with me? Marry you? I'd like to see anybody stop me, money or no money. Hang it, what a fool I am to let you do this, what a fool, but how fearfully happy I am being that kind of a fool!"

An hour later Peter Barlow again entered Grayson's office.

"I think I'll go the limit and borrow the whole of the five hundred off you," said Peter. "You see, I'm taking a wife down to the mines with me."

"A wife?" said Mr. Grayson, evidently not in the least surprised. "Assuredly, Peter. Excellent idea. I was sure you would. I was sure of it last night at dinner. I am not sure, too, but what you owe the winning of that wife to the loss of your money. I think it opened her eyes to her real affection for you. Well, she's worth losing that trifling sum for."

"You bet she is," said Peter Barlow. (Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Bad Air Cause of Ghosts.

The discovery of carbon monoxide poisoning as a cause of ghostly manifestations is the latest contribution to the results of psychic research. It became known lately that one of Boston's fine residences was haunted and that the children and servants—who slept on the third and fourth floors—often awoke at night with sensations of great oppression and of some strange presence near, footsteps about the house were heard, and it was even rumored that apparitions were seen.

Called to investigate, Prof. Franz Schneider, Jr., a biologist of the Institute of Technology, found sufficient explanation in a very defective hot air furnace. The rooms were filled with sulphurous oxide and carbon monoxide, and the effects were those especially of carbon monoxide poisoning—the illusion of walking spirits being probably aided by outside sounds.

New Kind of Graft.

The other day a man and his ten-year-old son boarded a south-bound Rock Island train at Weston. The father placed the boy in a seat at the front end of the car and took the seat just behind him. When the conductor came through the car the boy told him he had neither ticket nor money. He said he had run off from his home in Weston and was going to visit his grandmother in Kansas City, where upon the father of the boy jumped up, took off his hat and placed a dollar in it, after which he passed it among the other men passengers in the car. When several dollars were collected the father gave the money to the boy. Presumably there was another division later.—Rushville (Kan.) News.

Ultra.

"The Twobblis seem to be fashionable folk."

"I should say so! There's hardly a month in the year that they don't have one or two trained nurses on the premises."

He Being the Man.

Ethel—"Kitty hasn't a thought for anything nowadays except her new car. She's perfectly in love with it."

Jack (sadly)—"Another case of man being displaced by machinery."

Not do better than imitate the lady of the house. At dinner, as the wine passed, he advanced from Mr. Scott to 'Shirra' (sheriff), 'Scott', 'Walter', and finally 'Wattie', till at supper he convulsed every one by addressing Mrs. Scott familiarly as 'Charlotte.'

His Many Friends.

"So you got buncoed when you went to the city, did you? You ought to have been onto the game, as much as the papers have said about it. All work it just the same. Pretend to be

great friends of the farmer. That was the way in your case, wasn't it?"

"Yes, same way. Said they was great friends of the farmer. But I supposed when they told me that that they were some more of these here candidates for congress."

Should Be Flavored.

ADDITION TO EGGNOGS NEED NOT BE OF INTOXICANTS.

Valuable Food for Invalids May Be Made Palatable in a Number of Ways Agreeable to Opponents of Strong Liquor.

Chilled egg-nogs are not served as often as they should be. They are specially valuable for invalids during the heated weather, because they are not only refreshing but nourishing as well. An egg-nog is hardly more than custard in its raw state, especially if spirits are left out.

This drink may be served in an endless number of ways, and teetotalers can enjoy to their hearts' content egg-nogs without spirits that are simply but deliciously flavored with orange, coffee, vanilla, nutmeg or chocolate.

A plain egg-nog of any kind may be turned into a festive beverage if topped with whipped cream or ice cream and a bit of candied fruit. The white of egg so often recommended should not be added unless the "nog" is heavily flavored, as it is apt to impart a raw, eggy taste.

Chocolate Egg-nog.—For a chocolate egg-nog use a tablespoonful of grated chocolate, a tablespoonful of sugar and a large new egg to every half-pint of rich chilled milk. Melt the chocolate and sugar together to a paste, then add the egg yolk and stir the mixture into the milk, beating well so that the egg will not separate from it. When ready to serve add a big spoonful of whipped cream or ice cream to each glass. If preferred, the whipped cream may, for variety's sake, be partly frozen. This forms a very rich beverage, almost a meal in itself.

When a coffee egg-nog is properly made it is delicious. It may be prepared like the chocolate drink, using in place of the chocolate enough strong coffee to give it a fine flavor. The same proportions may be used with other flavors.

Potato Sandwich.

In puzzling over a new way of cooking Irish potatoes, I discovered potato sandwich, which makes an attractive and delicious luncheon dish, writes a contributor to Good Housekeeping. Select smooth oval potatoes and boil with their skins on until nearly tender. Then peel and slice the long way in one-quarter-inch slices. Dust generously with salt and paprika and put a thin slice of cheese between each two slices of potato. Lay the sandwiches on a flat buttered pan, brush with melted butter and put in a hot oven to brown and melt the cheese. Garnish with parsley and serve hot. A slice of crisply fried breakfast bacon added to the cheese makes a nice variation. New potatoes can be used thus, as they are always more waxy than mealy.

Keeping Airtight.

Many housekeepers have trouble with keeping airtight anything that is put up in jars. If, however, after a bottle or jar is corked it is sealed with a mixture of beeswax and rosin there is no danger of air getting at it. To make this sealing mixture put two ounces of yellow beeswax and four ounces of rosin in a small tin can, which is then set in a larger pan of hot water. Stir constantly until the wax and rosin are well blended. Apply while still liquid to the outside of the corked jar or bottle.—Louisville Herald.

Corn Muffins.

Sift together one and two-thirds cups of flour, one cupful of cornmeal, two scant teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat to a cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, with three of sugar, and add to them three well-beaten eggs. Mix to a batter with a pint of milk. Beat hard for a few minutes and put into well-greased muffin tins.

Raspberry Rice Pudding.

Soften one tablespoon of gelatin in three tablespoonfuls of cold water, then place over boiling water, until dissolved. Press through a coarse sieve enough cooked rice to make one cupful, and add one cup of raspberry juice, the dissolved gelatin, half a cup of sugar, two teaspoons of lemon juice and the beaten whites of three eggs. Fold in one cup of heavy cream beaten until stiff, turn into a wet mold and let harden on ice. Unmold and serve with fresh berries strewn over the top.

Home-Made Sausage Meat.

Take one and one-quarter pounds of lean beef, three-quarters of a pound of lean pork, one-quarter pound of lean bacon, one-quarter pound of bread crumbs, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, half teaspoonful of mixed herbs, half teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of salt. Grind the beef, pork and bacon in a meat grinder, mix it with the crumbs, herbs and seasoning. Pass through the meat grinder a second time. Shape into balls by hand, brush over with a beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and serve.

Walls and Ceilings.

When walls or ceilings are papered with oilcloth or painted, put on wash boiler of water and close doors and windows and boil the water until walls and ceilings are wet with steam. Take a long-handled scrubbing brush or broom, tie a soft rag and wipe over your walls. This will save lots of time and trouble.

KITCHEN FLOOR NEEDS CARE

Constant Scrubbing May Be Done Away With If a Few Simple Precautions Are Taken.

The kitchen floor, which needs such constant scrubbing, often causes much trouble, as soap and water soften the wood and increase its tendency to splinter. If it is splintered much it must be scraped smooth and then with care it ought to do nicely.

Have the floor clean and smooth, the cracks filled (if a close grained wood, it needs no filler), then rub a thoroughly crude oil or one of the special preparations that are manufactured for the purpose.

Oil slowly hardens and darkens a floor, so that grease and stains do not sink into the wood. Never wax or varnish kitchen or bathroom floors. The slipperiness of the wax may cause a nasty fall and in any case it is a waste of money, for the water that has to be used in both kitchen and bathroom will ruin the looks of either wax or varnish. After the floors are once in good condition it is not a difficult matter to keep them so.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Eau de cologne will remove candle grease.

Use the ironing fire for preparing stocks for soups or baking puddings.

A charming nursery screen can be covered with the prints that the small child loves best.

To take machine oil out of white materials dip the spot into cold water while it is fresh.

Never allow a cooking utensil to stand and dry before washing. Put cold water in it immediately.

To make an excellent dressing for linoleum take equal parts of linseed oil and vinegar and mix thoroughly together.

Ices and ice cream will freeze more quickly if a dipper of water is poured over the ice and salt just before the turning process begins.

Savories.

As a dainty to serve with salads try crisp crackers. Split common crackers and spread lightly with butter, then bake in oven until a delicate brown.

Stale bread is always useful for bread sticks and croutons to serve with soup. Cut into slices half inch thick. For the croutons cut into cubes, and for the bread sticks cut three inch lengths. Spread before cutting with butter and toast to a golden brown.

A delicious sour cream dressing for fruit salad is made with a cupful of rich sour cream into which a half cup of melted butter is stirred gradually. This blended with a variety of cut fruit, such as pineapple, bananas and oranges, and some meats or some dates, is most appetizing spread on crackers as a luncheon dish.

Peanut Soup.

Take two tablespoonfuls of peanut butter and one tablespoon of browned flour (plain flour may be used, but browned is to be preferred); cream together and pour slowly over this one pint of boiling water, stir constantly to keep smooth. Season with salt and pepper. Add to this one pint of scalded milk. If too thick, add more hot water. Serve immediately with croutons or crackers.

Post Not Used to Society.

James Hogg, poet, known as the "Ettrick shepherd," was never quite happy away from the fields. Sir Walter Scott made a friend of him, but he was not a social success. "In a shepherd's dress," writes a historian, "and with hands fresh from sheep shearing, he came to dine for the first time with Scott in Castle street, and, finding Mrs. Scott lying on the sofa, immediately stretched himself at full length on another sofa; for, as he afterward explained, 'I thought I could